

A pleasant new Ballad of King Edward the fourth
 and a Tanner of Tamworth as he rode a Hunting with his Nobles towards Drayton Bassett
 To an excellent new tune.



In Summer time when Leaves grow green,
 and Birds sitting on every tree,
 King Edward would a hunting ride,
 some pastime for to see,
 Our King he would a hunting woe
 by eight a clock of the day,
 And well was he ware of a bold Tanner,
 came riding on the way:

A good Russet Coat the Tanner had on,
 fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good Cow-hide,
 and a Pare of four shilling,
 How stand you here my good Lords all;
 under this trusty tree,
 And I will wend to ponder fellows
 to know from whence came he.

God speed God speed then said our King,
 thou art welcome good fellow quoth he,
 Which is the way to Drayton-Bassett.

I pray thee shew to me,
 The ready way to Drayton-Bassett,
 from this place as thou dost stand,
 The next pair of Gallows thou comst to,
 thou must turn up thy right hand.

What is not the way then said our King,
 the ready way I pray thee shew me,
 whether thou be thief or true man quoth the tanner
 I'm weary of thy company.

Away with a vengeance quoth the Tanner,
 I hold thee out of thy wit,
 For all this day have I ridden and gone,
 and I am fasting yet.

Go with me to Drayton-Bassett said our King,
 no dainties we will lack,
 we'll have meat and drink of the best,
 and I will pay the shot.

Godamercy for nothing said the Tanner,
 thou shalt pay for no dinner of mine,
 I have more Groats and Nobles in my purse,
 then thou hast pence in thine.
 God save your goods then said the King,
 and send them well to thee,
 Be thou thief or true man quoth the Tanner,
 I am weary of thy company.

Away with a vengeance quoth the Tanner,
 of thee I stand in fear,
 The Apparel thou wearest on thy Back,
 may seem a good Lord to wear.
 I never stole them said our King,
 I swear to thee by the Rod,
 Thou art some Russian of the Country,
 thou rid'st in the midst of the god.

What news dost thou hear then said our King
 I pray what news do you hear,
 I hear no news answered the Tanner,
 but that Cow hides be dear.
 Cow hides, Cow hides, then said our King,
 I marvel what they be,
 Why art thou a fool quoth the Tanner,
 look I have one under me.

Yet one thing now I would thee pray,
 so that thou wouldst not be strange,
 If thy Pare be better then my steed,
 I pray thee let us change,
 What if you needs with me will change,
 as change fall well may ye,
 By the faith of my body quoth the Tanner
 I look to have boot of thee.

What boot wilt thou ask then said our King
 what boot dost thou ask on this ground,
 No pence, no half pence, said our King,
 but a Noble in gold for our need.

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 No pence, no half pence, said our King,
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The second part, To the same tunc,



Heres twenty good groats then said y King,
 so well paid for you be,
 I love the better then I did before,
 I thought thou hadst nere a peny.
 But if so be we needs must change,
 as change thou must abide,
 Though thou hast gotten Brock my Mare,
 thou shalt noo have my Cow hide.
 The Tanner took the good Cow hide
 that of the Cow was bit
 And threiw it upon the Kings Saddle
 that was so fairly gilt.
 How help me, help me, quoth the Tanner
 full quickly that I were gone,
 For when I come home to Gillian my wife,
 she'll say I'm a Gentleman.
 The King took the Tanner by the Leg,
 he guided a fort so round,
 Your very homely said the King,
 were I aware I'd laid you o'th ground.
 But when the Tanner was in y Kings saddle
 attored then he was.
 He knew not the stirrops that he did wear,
 whether they were gold or brasse.
 But when the steed saw y black cow tale wag,
 for and the black Cow horn,
 The steed began to run away,
 as the Devil the Tanner had boyn.
 Untill he came unto a Park,
 a little beside an Ash,
 The steed gave the Tanner such a fall,
 his neck was almost brast.
 Take thy horse again with a vengeance he said
 with me he shall not abide.
 It is no marvell said the King and laught,
 he knew not your Cow hide.

But if that we needs now must change,
 as change that wek we mought,
 He swear to you plain if you have your Mare
 I look to have some boot.

What boot will you ask quoth the Tanner,
 what boot will you ask in this ground,
 No pence, nor half pence, said our King,
 but a Noble in gold so round.

Heres twenty groats said the Tanner,
 and twenty more I have of this,
 I have ten groat more in my purse,
 we'll drink fi be of them at the wine.
 The King set a bugle horne to his mouth,
 that blew both loud and shrill,
 And five hundred Lords and Knights,
 came riding over a hill,

Away with a vengeance quoth the Tanner,
 with the I'll no longer abide,
 Thou art a strong thief ponder be thy fellows,
 they will steal away my cow hide.
 So I protest then said our King,
 for so it may not be,

They be the Lords of Drayton Bassett
 come out of the North Country.

But when they came before the King,
 full low they fell on their knee,
 The Tanner had rather then a thousand pound
 he had ben out of his company,
 A Choller a Choller then said the King,
 a Choller then did he cry,
 When would he have given a thousand pound,
 he had not ben so nigh.

A Choller a Choller then qu. the Tanner,
 it is a thing which will breed sorrow,
 For after a Choller cometh a halter.
 and I shall be hanged to morrow.
 So do not fear the King did say,
 for pastime then hast thou me,
 So Choller nor halter thou shalt have,
 but I will give the a se.

For Plompton Park I will give the,
 with Tenements three bestowes,
 Which is worth three hundred pound a year,
 to maintaine thy good Cow hide.
 Godamercy, Godamercy quoth the Tanner,
 for this good deed thou hast done,
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth
 thou shalt have clouting Leather for thy shone